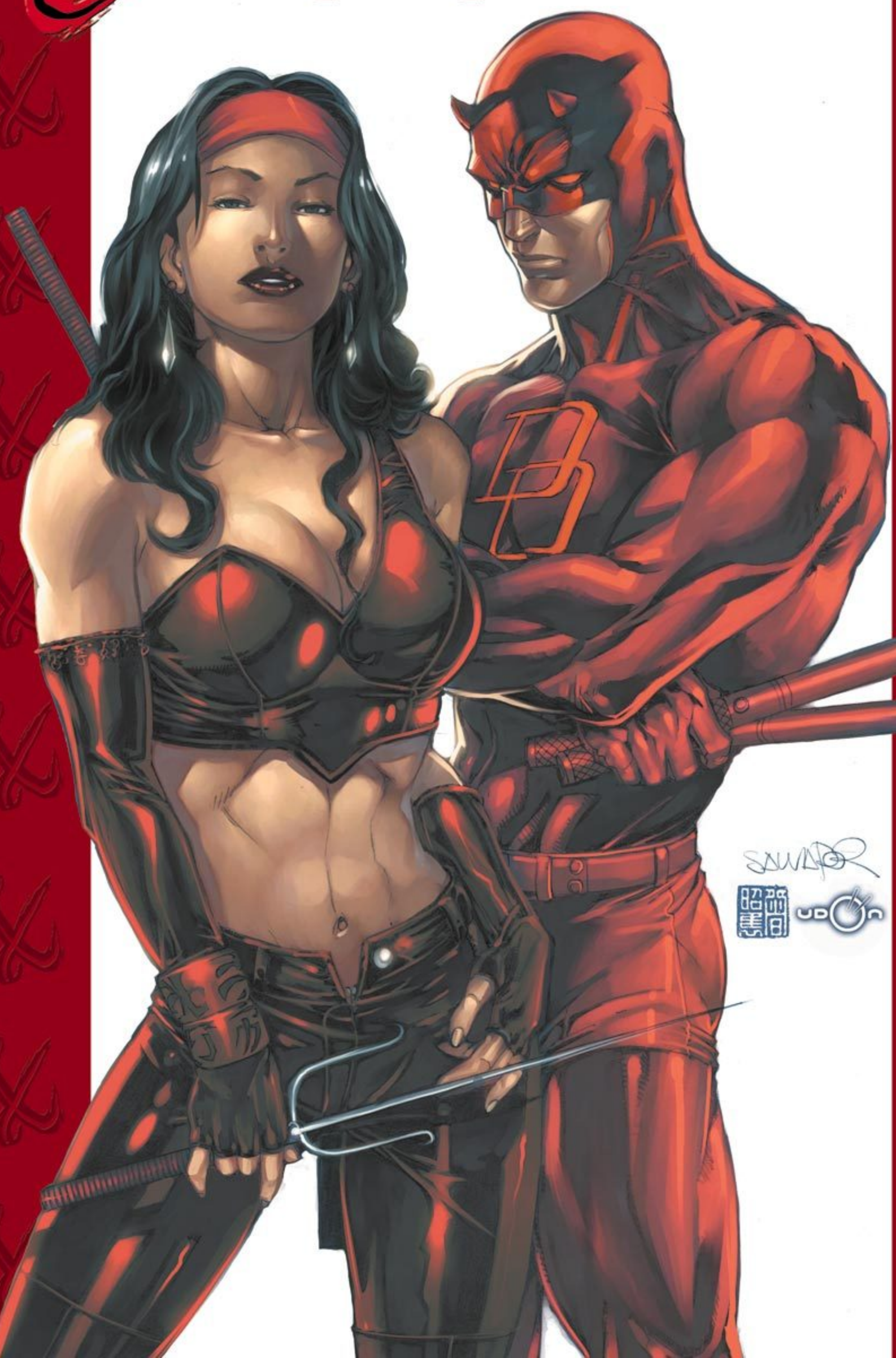
ULTIMATE

ELEKTRA

ISSUE 1

MARVEL

MARVEL PSR



Jackson Heights. Queens.
May 15th.

Believe me, Dimitris, because I *know.*

You can't *do* this thing by yourself.

There is the *insurance--*

The insurance won't pay *out.* They think you burned your own *store* down because business was bad.

Isn't that what they *said?*

The name of Natchios *means* something to me. And it hurts me to *see* you like this--penniless, living off your sister.

I'm thinking of your daughter, too. Of *Elektra.* How can she *respect* you when she sees this?

Leander, Paul--I'm *grateful* for this offer. And if it were only *money,* I would accept.

But to give you a *share* in the business, when it has always been mine! This is *hard.* This is--

There *is* no business. And there won't be one unless you *sign* with us.

Come, Dimitris. We're your *cousins.* Your father rocked my mother to *sleep.*

If you can't trust us, who *can* you trust?

Columbia University, New York.
May 21st.

Hi, Phoebe. Hi, James.

Hi, Matt.

Uh--hey, Murdock.

Man, that freaks me *out.* What, is he trained to hunt by *smell* or something?

Lighten up, James. He heard us *talking,* is all.

Matt can hear a *sparrow* break wind at five hundred yards.

Matt! Hey, Matt!

Foggy. You made the *torts* class for once.

That's *great.*

Uh--no. I already bought last year's *notes,* remember?

I just wanted to show you *this.*

A letter. Embossed header reading E.S.L. Your *internship.*

Our internship. Ecker Summers and Lyall are taking *both* of us on.

Me in *family,* you in *criminal.* You'll be work-shadowing one of the *partners--*

"--a guy named Walter *Savage.*"

It's a simple *question,* Sergeant. But let me put it to you *again.*

Did he *hear* you?

You read my client his *rights* on the highway shoulder, you said. With all those cars and trucks *thundering* by.

It wasn't *our* choice to take the chase onto the highway--

VALENCIA CAMPEON

So you can't be *sure* he heard you, now can you?

I was speaking *loud* and clear.

Oh, well that's *fine,* then. You should have said so.

I can *tell* you've got a good strong voice.

And you were speaking in *Quechua,* of course?

Weren't you?

Come on now, Sergeant. Loud and *clear.* So the members of the *jury* can all hear.

How are they looking, Jessie?

They're laughing in their *sleeves.*

You're going to *walk,* Señor Cordu.

Queens, NY
May 25th.

Come *on*, Auntie Irene.

What are they *doing* in there?

They're talking, Elektra. *Private* talk.

Please. Just roll the *dolmades* and let the men do what they do.

But who *are* these guys? They look like movie stars and they talk like *gangsters*.

They're our *cousins*. Paul and Leander Natchios.

They're-- businessmen. I think they've offered to *help* Dimitris with the store.

What, out of the kindness of their *hearts*? Yeah, *that* seems likely.

Family is *family*, Elektra. But it's true that Leander is a hard man.

There was a time back in *Cyprus* when--

So. We have a *deal*. Irene, do you still keep a bottle of *ouzo* for sleepless nights?

Bring it *out*.

Living like this, Dimitris, it wasn't fair to ***anyone.***

It isn't how a ***man*** would choose to live.

So. We'll ***drink*** to you becoming a man again.

And a ***partner*** in our enterprises.

And this is Elektra. Hah! She's grown up ***beautiful.***

Also ***quiet.*** That's a rare ***gift*** in a woman.

So. Repairs on the store can begin ***tomorrow.***

That's wonderful. And the ***repayment*** on the loan. I believe I can manage at least--

Hush! We won't ***talk*** about that tonight.

All in good time, cousin.

All in good ***time.***

GO.

TEN

00:00:00

Well?

Feh! Seven *seconds.*

You must have something weighing on your mind.

Or *someone,* maybe.

TEN

Spit it *out*, Foggy.

What? I just mean--seeing how *close* you and Elektra were--

It's weird that you don't *talk* about her. That you haven't tried to get in *touch* with her--

She told me *not* to.

We... *argued.* She walked out.

She *said* not to follow her, and I've *respected* that.

Phoebe *called* her last week, and she asked about you. Tried to make it sound like *"how's everybody?"* but it was you she wanted to know about.

Sometimes when people *tell* you not to follow them, they're hoping you *will.*

I don't *play* games like that, Foggy. Neither does *she.*

Her dad's in serious *debt,* Phoebe said. She thinks he may be talking to the wrong kind of people. Hell, *I'm* worried--

--and I was never even in *love* with her.

June 8th.

There you *are*, Dimitris.

As good as *new*.

It's *incredible*, Leander. But--I'll need more *equipment*. A spotting table, and a steam press.

One thing at a time. This is *Mr. Cullen*.

He'll keep your *books*. All financial records, all transactions, will go through *him*.

I'll come on *Thursdays*, Mister Natchios. Just leave all the paperwork *out* for me.

Even *routine* things-- utility bills and such. *I'll* handle all that from now on.

I'm used to handling my *own* accounts.

But you're part of a larger *unit* now. And there'll be some very complicated *transactions* going through your books.

Do as you're *told*, Dimitris. I don't like having to *repeat* myself.

And I wouldn't *worry* too much about equipment. You're on *salary* now.

You can sit back and *enjoy* life.

We're open!

Well, just tell them ***no.***

Tell them you've changed your ***mind.***

Elektra, I ***can't.*** I've already ***accepted*** the loan.

Then give it ***back.***

And their ***names.*** Their names are on the ***deed.***

At least I'll have the ***money*** now for you to finish out your college.

And I'll be able to pay ***Irene*** back for all she's done for us.

I can ***work*** through college, Poppa!

But still-- we can't go on like this ***forever.***

And I've ***committed*** myself.

Things will work out for the ***best.***

They ***must.***

June 17th.

Things have worked out *wonderfully,* sir. Perfectly.

Giacinto met your price. Half of the shipment is already in the *warehouse,* the rest comes in tomorrow.

The *money?* We can scrub it *clean* as we go.

We've got enough *front* operations now to swallow a million and a half a *week.*

No. No risk at *all.* You have my personal *guarantee* on that.

For *signature.*

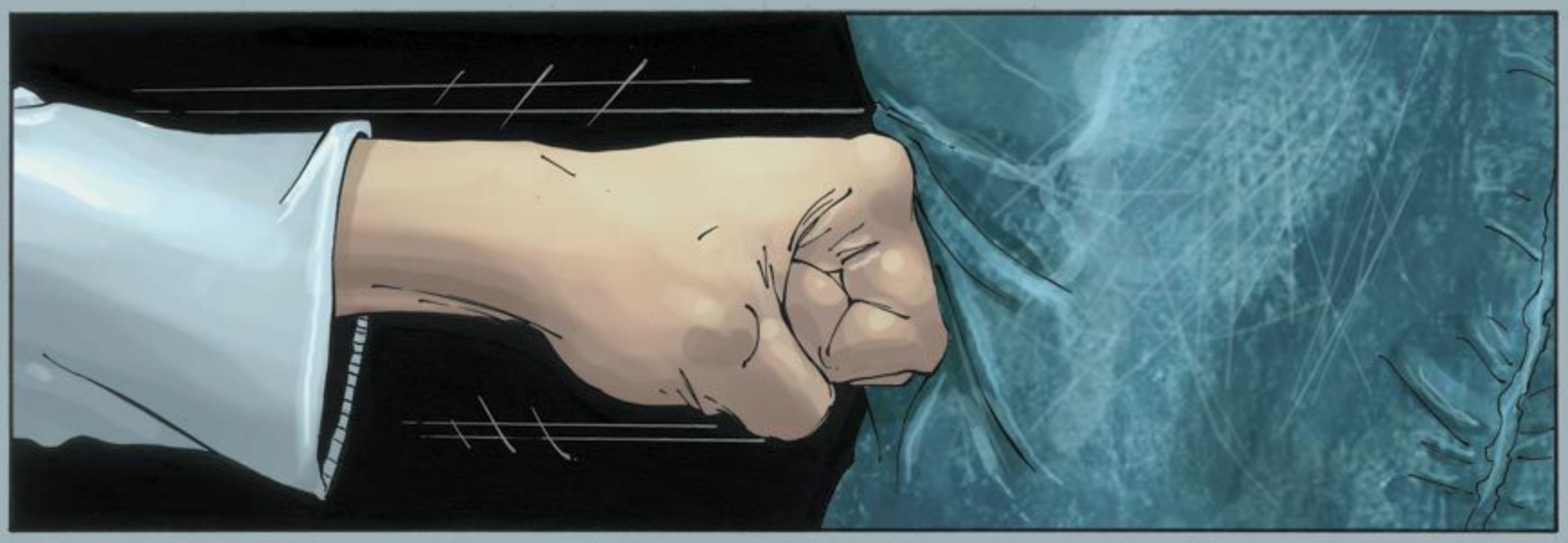
I'm sorry, sir. A *moment,* please.

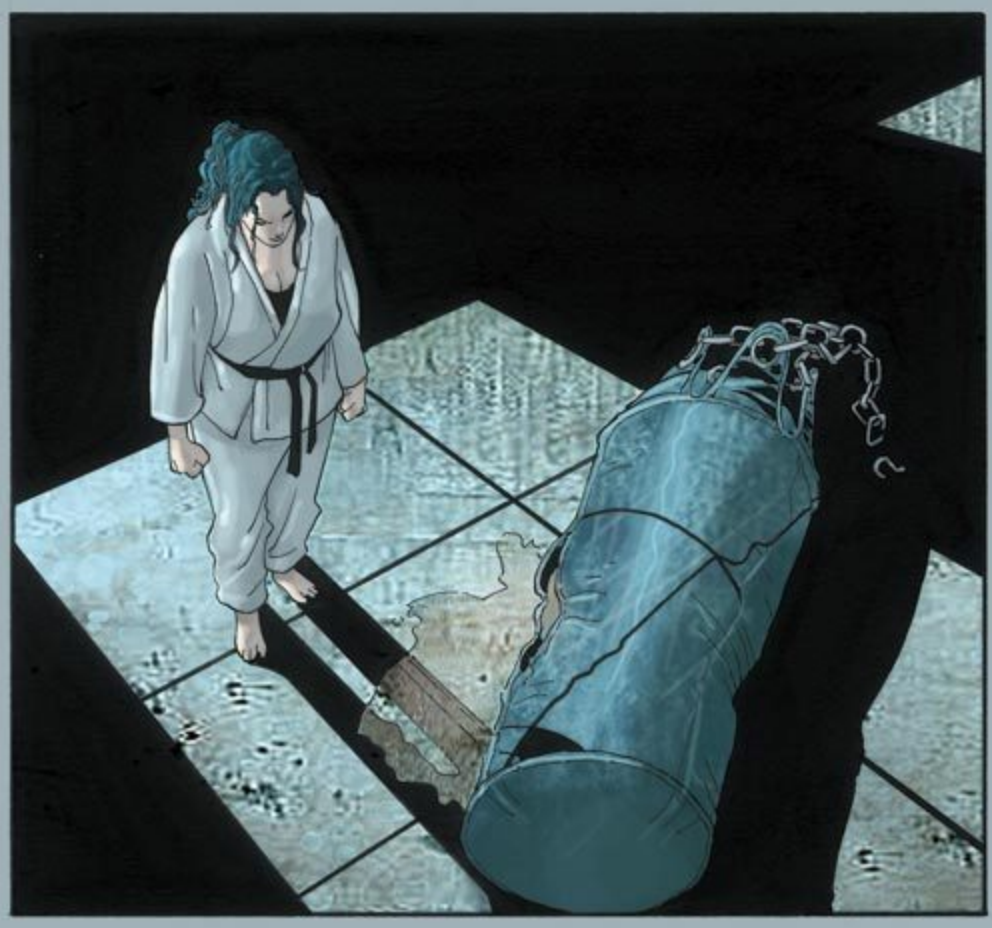
Are you *insane?* You know who I'm *talking* to?

If you interrupt me again I'll make you *eat* this phone. And your *books* afterwards.

So everything is under control at *this* end, sir.

Nothing escapes my eye. Nothing at *all.*





Elektra.

Still breaking and *entering.* That's going to get you into *trouble* some day.

I want to *help* you.

Did you hear me *ask?*

You've *dropped* all your classes. You've frozen out all your *friends.*

You just *disemboweled* a punching bag. That's a cry for help that--

--that even a *blind* man could see? Oh, nice *line,* Matt. *"I'm vulnerable as well as sensitive."*

But I know what you're like *underneath* all that.

I'm not going to *fight* you, Elektra.

Then you're going to get *hurt.*

I *meant* what I said.
If you need me, you know where to *find* me.

July 12th.

Let's cut to the beer and *skittles,* Mister Goines.

My client--Mister *Cullen*--is prepared to make a *deal.*

Counsellor, your client *knows* we're closing in. We're about to indict him for tax evasion, fraud and conspiracy to *murder.*

What's he offering? A set of matching *hand* luggage?

We also find it--*odd* that Mister Cullen would come forward by *himself* in this way.

It does look as though he's testing the *water,* Mister Savage.

With the *engine* running in case we say no.

Mister Cullen has fallen *out* with his employers.

Over issues of *remuneration* and working conditions.

Well, you know, maybe he should take that up with his *union.*

I'm writing a *name* on this pad.

This is the man who my client's testimony can *deliver* to you.

Now--

--shall we start to iron out the *details?*

July 20th.

Umm-- Matthew Murdock and Franklin Nelson reporting for *duty.*

Ma'am.

You're on the *intern* program.

Right. Exactly right.

Well, welcome to Stalag Luft 17. For you the war is *over.*

Actually, you're going to have a fascinating *time* here.

ID badges and *joining* packs. Mister Murdock's is in *braille.*

If you go on up to the top floor, the partners have laid on some federally mandated *pastries.*

She was nice. She was *really--*

Pace yourself, Foggy.

We're here for six *weeks.*

I'm keeping my eye on the door, Mister N. We'll know if he goes anywhere.

Billy and Deacon are ready to *rock.*

You don't move an *inch* until you see the book. Understand?

Killing Cullen will scratch an *itch,* but we've got to get his damn *ledger.*

That swine should die *slowly,* Leander. A bullet's too *good* for him.

THUMP THUMP

Answer the *door,* Bruno. And assume the *worst.*

TCHIK

SLAM

...

I was hoping to speak to Leander Natchios.

I'm his *cousin.*

So all the names and dates and amounts are in *here?*

Yes. And *bank* codes.

Everything is being put through these *front outfits.* Video stores, dry cleaners--

Mister Savage, the *interns* are in boardroom two.

Mister Lyall said to *tell* you.

Yes. Thank you, Cheroline.

I'll just be a few *minutes.* Keep taking Mister Cullen's statement.

And have Taft put this in the *safe.*

Oh no! Absolutely *not!*

Don't you think it would be *safer--?*

This *ledger* is all that stands between me and the grand jury.

It stays with *me.*

Bingo.

We *have* a winner.

Elektra, this is a ***business*** address. I gave it to your ***father,*** not to you.

And right now is ***not*** a convenient--

I'm sorry. I'll be really ***quick,*** I promise.

I want to take over my Dad's ***debt.*** I'm going to get a job.

I can probably pay you two hundred or three hundred dollars a ***month.***

Is this--is this a ***joke,*** Elektra?

I'm not in the ***mood*** for jokes. Go. I'll talk to your ***father*** about this.

No, I mean it. It's making him ***sick.*** He can't live like this.

Well, I'm not ***leaving*** until you do.

I'm not going to ***discuss*** it. Not with a ***child.***

Bruno.

Put her ***outside,*** and close the door.

I'm warning you. Don't ***touch*** me.

It's okay, kid.

I'm not gonna ***hurt*** you.

HAI!

You'll have to put me outside *yourself,* Leander.

If you think you're up to it.

The door was *open*--

--I hope I'm not *interrupting* anything.

Mister--Mister Fisk! No, not at *all*.

I was about to *call* you. I wanted to--to--

To inform me that you have a *problem* with your accountant.

There's *no* problem, Mister Fisk. None at *all*.

It's being *dealt* with...

"...even as we speak."

You're at Columbia? So what's *Massinger* like?

Well, it was a *bizarre* ruling by any...

meant to send a *signal* to the Supreme Court?

Oh bother, don't get me *started!*

Where they shot the Turk who invented work.

made up the credits with a creative *writing* course.

I think Lyall is going to say a few *words* once--

Heh! Well I suppose composing fiction *is* part of the job.

You ever hear of the concept of *overkill?*

It's probably a *storeroom* or something. Anyway, they're *lawyers.* Hell you care about--

Excuse me? That's just the door to the roof.

It's kept *locked.*

Oh, I'm sorry. I was looking for the *restroom.*

Mister Savage, listen. There's something *wrong.*

What? What do you mean?

I think you should get *everybody* out of--

Storeroom. Right.

Hey, it doesn't *matter.* No one moves, people, and no one *dies.*

Well, give or *take* a few.

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To be continued...